but the little girl could not bear to have it done, so he was left to use his beautiful wings to fly away with if he chose. But Solomon did not choose. Occasionally he would be gone for hours; but he was sure to come back at dusk and rap on the window with his long bill. On being admitted, he would utter a joyful "Caw! caw!"

Once Claire looked out into the yard to see Solomon talking to a whole flock of crows, and she trembled lest he should be coaxed away; but her pet had no idea of leaving his home, and after a while the strangers departed.

Solomon was fond of anything bright, and the family had to keep their coins out of sight. Occasionally they wanted extra milk, so they set a pail out on the steps, dropped the pennies in to pay for the milk, and put on the cover. Once or twice the money was missing, and then naughty Solomon was caught carefully taking off the pail cover and grabbing the coins.

All the neighbors knew Solomon, and he paid them frequent visits; but whenever he was not wanted, all they had to do was to say "Go home," and he would fly at once.

Claire missed him one day and wondered what had become of him. He did not appear for dinner or supper. At bedtime he had not come, and she feared her pet had gone forever. The next night he was still away, but before she went to sleep she heard his familiar "Caw! caw!" and she jumped up to open the window. But such a Solomon! His feathers were rumpled, and his tail was gone;

Where he had been nobody has ever found out, but for days he seemed afraid to leave the house. Now he always returns by night-fall, and Claire looks forward to having Solomon for a pet for fifty years to come.—Baltimore Christian Advocate.

THE FLOWER THAT WEARS A SHOE.

"If the shoemakers and the cobblers are ever in need of an emblem," remarked Uncle Samuel one June day, as he polished off the edges of a shoe which he had just half soled, "I'd recommend the flower that wears a shoe."

"But, uncle," one of us said, "no flower ever wears a shoe."

"It doesn't, eh?" replied the old man. "You go with me next Saturday afternoon, and I'll show you. It's getting a bit late in the season for it, but I guess we can find it."

Saturday proved to be a busy day in Uncle Samuel's shop, and the afternoon was far spent when he finally closed the door and hung upon the knob a dusty little card bearing the words: "Gone out. Back soon."

As we trooped after him across the minty meadows and through the broken stone wall into Featherbed Lane, whose rock bed led straight up into the pine woods, the shadows lay long upon the ground, and the liquid notes of a wood robin's vesper song floated down through the air.

"There used to be a patch of those flowers growing on this ridge," said Uncle Samuel, pausing after a while and glancing about. "Ah! here it is now. It's marvelous how the Lord never forgets his creatures. I've known these woods for over sixty years, I guess, and that patch of flowers tnat hardly a man round here knows about has been cared for as regularly as the years came round."

The plants grew scatteringly over the ground, each with a pair of hairy, ribbed leaves close to the earth, and from the heart of these arose a simple stalk bearing at its summit an odd, rose-purple flower. It was puffed up in front like a bladder, and the general shape was suggestive of the wooden shoes that European peasants sometimes wear. There was a slit down the front as if to let the foot in, and the neck of the flower, where it was joined to the stalk, were two mottled green streamers, like strings to the shoe. Taken altogether it was a capital imitation of a shoe, and Uncle Samuel smiled triumphantly as we examined the curious flower.

"What's it's name, uncle?" we asked.

"It goes by many names," he said, "for it is found in almost every State east of the Mississippi River. Some call it lady's slipper; but the name I like best is whippoor-will's shoe. Hark!"

As he spoke, from the twilight depths of a neighboring thicket came the plaintive cry of a bird: "Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!"

"Never mind, old fellow," said Uncle Samuel, as he led the way homeward, "we won't disturb your shoes. If any of you children want plants of it for your mother's gardens, I'll give you some seeds."—Morning Star.

EATING HIS WAY.

Freddie despised the multiplication table. It made you ache all over to say your tables. And you couldn't remember.

Mamma got up and went out of the room. When she came back, she had a glass jar of tiny colored candies. She was opening it, and pouring out a splendid heap on the table cloth.

"Now," said she, brightly, "here are five little candy dots in a row. Here are eight rows. How many candy dots?"

"Forty," promptly.

"Yes. Now make seven times five and four times five and the rest. When you have made the whole table, learn it. When you have learned it, eat it!"

"Oh!"

It was the most splendid way to learn your tables. Freddie went to work with a will, and when the teacher (that is, mamma) said, "School's out," he had learned five tables. He didn't eat it till after school.

One day the next-door twin's teacher was making their mother a call. Freddie was making one on the next-door twins.

"Don't you go to school, little boy?" the teacher asked him.

"Oh, yes'm," politely.

"Oh, you do? Well, presume you think the multiplication table is perfectly dreadful, too?" she asked, smilingly.

"Oh, no'm!" eagerly. "I'm very fond of mine!"

"Indeed! How far along are you?"

"I've only eaten as far as seven times seven yet," said Freddie. And he went home, wondering why the next-door twins' teacher had opened her eyes so wide. —Youth's Companion.